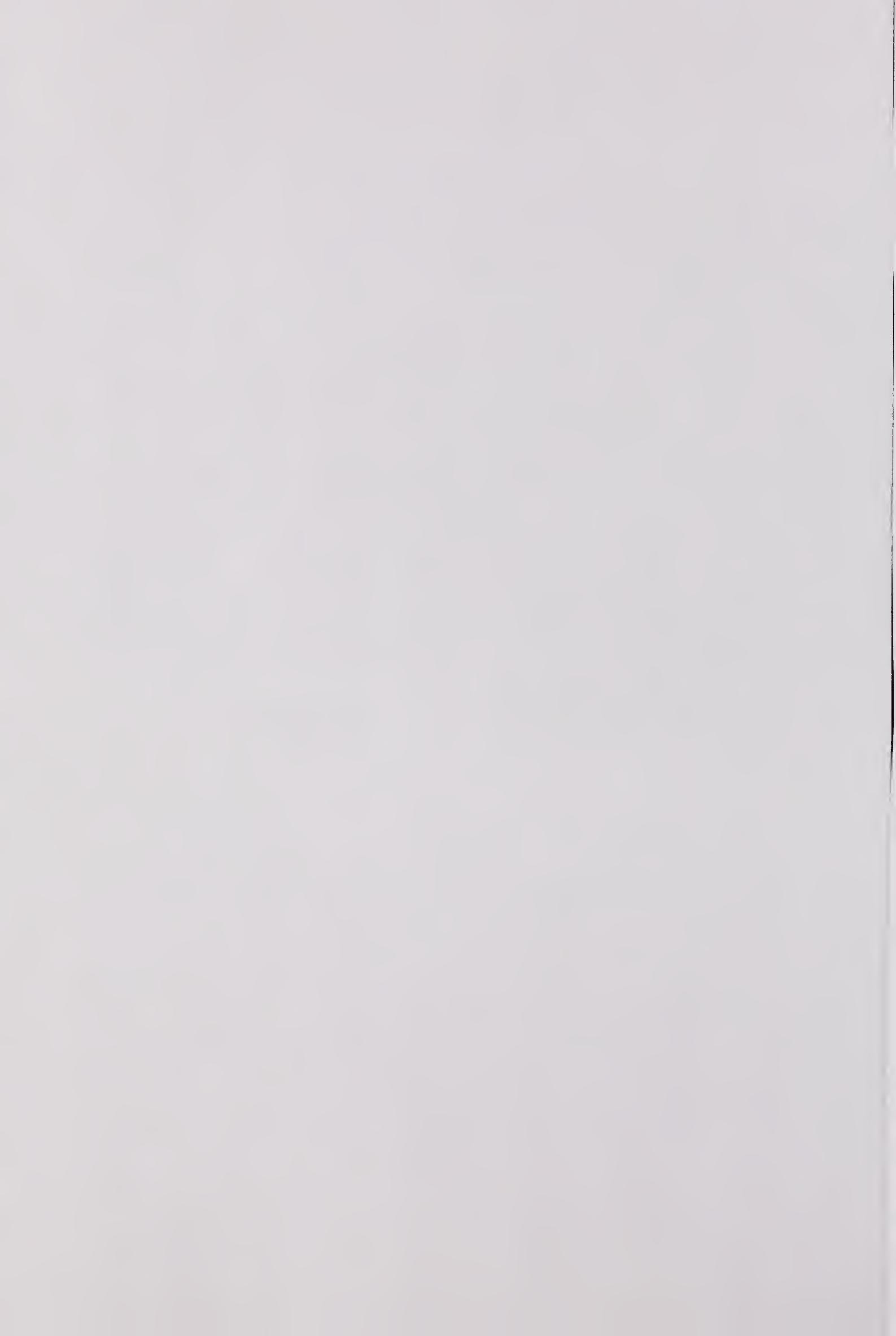
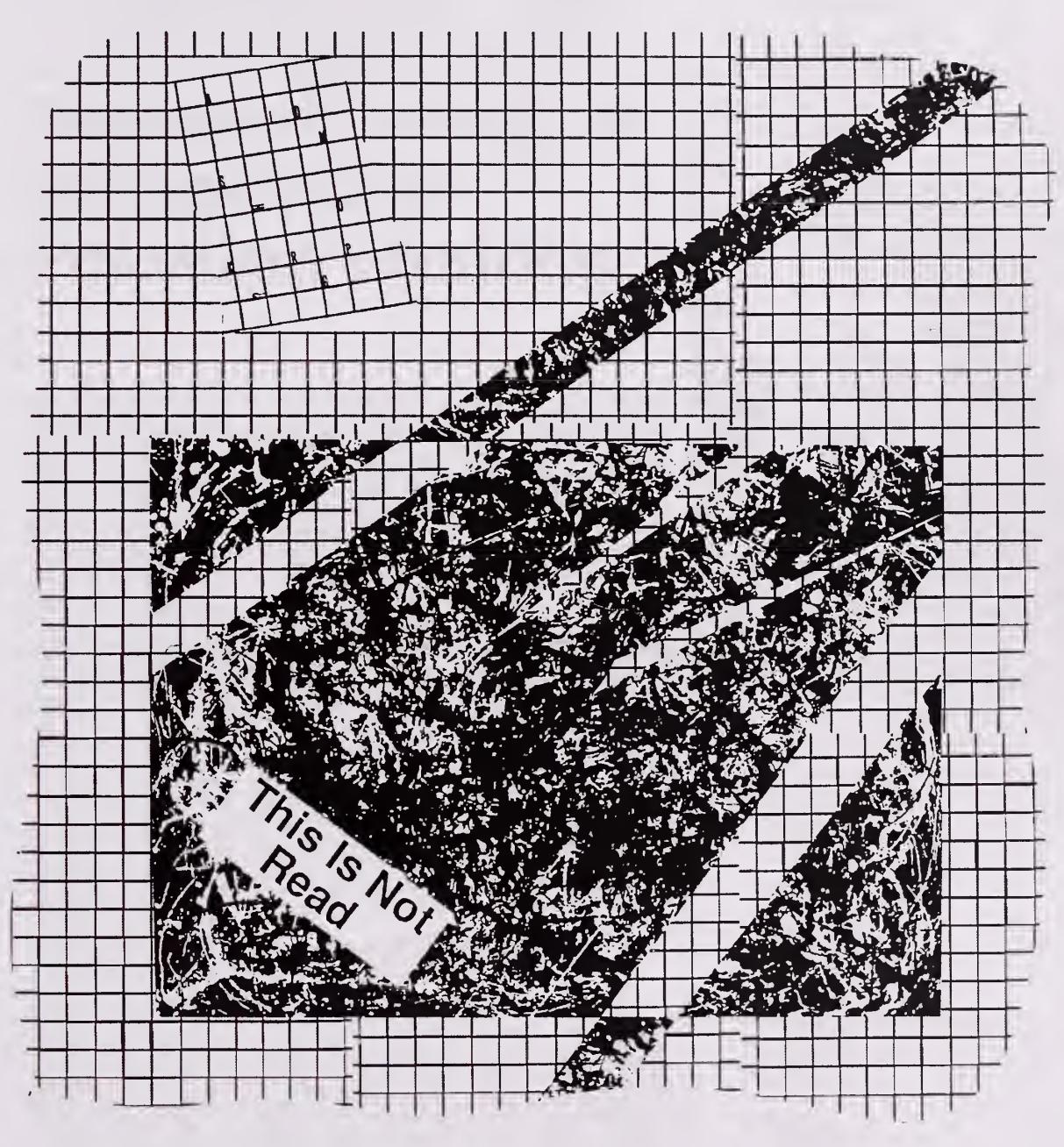


Innis Herald
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THE INNIS HERALD



...and you thought only the Varsity
could afford colour...

NEWS

SAC Hacks Get Hacked

"I think SAC should take a loss, get a really good band, and have them play in Varsity Arena. It would be the only time that all the students could be together."

-Ellen Ladowsky

I am told posters of David Peterson are on the walls of the SAC office. A good journalist would get his ass down there to check it out, but since the very essence of SAC always seemed to me to be Liberal, I prefer to believe what I am told — such posters are emblematic of modern Ontario Liberalism — that is, promise much, be friendly, and once in, do nothing but entrench Liberals in the system, until the next election, whereupon one must: promise much, be friendly and once in... **DO NOTHING**, but entrench Liberals in the system until the next election, whereupon one must: **PROMISE MUCH**, be friendly, and once in...

Now we have a President seemingly condoning the university student's view that SAC is just a bunch of do-nothing resume hounds preparing to foist their political selves on the public. That's right. All those students politics you despise will later be in Cabinets across this fair land, but mainly right here in this province of political opportunity. Enough of this bitter rant- this partisan sour grapes!

I'm writing to announce that President Ellen Ladowsky has seen the light! If anyone read the interview in the newspaper (*Oh vile and multifariously bad and stinky paper* — Ed.), one need only be re-directed to the quote that leads off this article.

Our SAC president is in favour of The Grateful Dead playing here next fall! She would even cancel the Let's Get Drunk and Throw Up Night to bring them here.

I would like to think that it was my article in the October Herald that caused her to spend two months thinking about it. Or perhaps it's just

osmosis. At any rate, it is fairly apparent that she has strong feelings about it, so much so that I believe the Innis chapter of Deadheads should probably take up a collection and buy her a t-shirt, maybe even reserve her a space in the van for the Hartford shows: *now wait a minute granola head! Where in tarnation did it say anywhere in that interview that the President of SAC thinks the Grateful Noodles should play our beloved campus?* I believe

I made that quite clear. One need only examine the quote: *all it says is a "good band"- no, no, no it say is a "really good group."* I have only one helpful hint. As anyone who saw the dreadful Dire Straits gigs in 1985 will tell you, Varsity Arena is not where the Dead show should be held. Varsity Stadium would be better. The acoustics at the Arena are terrible, Ellen...So like, when's the show? Has Jerry been phoned?



The Search Continues

Recycling Paper

Monday, January 18 1988 will mark the inauguration of Project Paper at Victoria University, U of T. The project was established by the Victoria College Recycling Committee (VCRC).

Students and staff who elect to participate in the project will be given either a 48 or 100 ounce capacity Paper Pot, which will be used as a receptacle for recyclable paper, e.g. bad essays, interdepartmental memos, college

newspapers. When Paper Pots are filled their contents may be deposited in a centrally located Project Paper bin. Twenty five volunteer monitors will make sure that these bins do not overflow and become fire hazards. The bin's contents will, in turn, be emptied into a larger bin located under St. Mary's Arch, the contents of which will be collected by Domtar Packaging for recycling.

The project has received support from the Ministry of the

Environment, Toby's Good Eats, Versa Foods, The Pilot Tavern, the Toronto Recycling Action Committee, Pollution Probe and the Victoria University Student's Administrative Council.

At present, the project is a three month pilot phase at Victoria. The VCRC, however, hopes to expand the project to include all colleges at U of T..

Gift Campaign

Martha MacEachern

The 1988 Graduating Students Gift campaign is well underway. In its fourth year, this campaign has been developed to encourage young alumni to participate in the University's annual giving program. The Innis GSG student committee, chaired by Martha MacEachern, will be asking their fellow graduating students to pledge a dollar amount (to be announced at a later specified date) toward a project over a three year period. Although February 1 marks the official launch of the 1988 GSG campaign, Innis will begin its campaign Feb 8 following formalization of the committee.

Participation is the key element in

this year's campaign. GSG committees will be seeking to raise the participation of their fellow graduates to equal the level of total alumni involvement in the Varsity Fund. A prize will be awarded to the constituency reaching the highest overall participation rate.

So come on Innis graduates participate in '88!

For more information about how you can get involved in the GSG campaign please contact:

Brian Burchell - GSG Chairman at 978-4911 or
Martha MacEachern - Innis GSG chairman at 978-7368 or 599-5598.

Innis News Gribbles

Vicky Zettlin

Innis students don't care anymore. In a recent turn of events three students lost their seats on College Council for not showing up to two consecutive meetings. While College Council meets only once a month from October to April, this was deemed too much time by the three students.

By-elections to fill the vacancies were to be held Feb. 1 + 2. No one ran for the vacant positions. Nominations have been re-opened. The forms are in Rm. 116. With all other elections just around the corner, things do not look promising.

Unprecedented absences from meetings has taken Innis by storm. Quorum has become a dirty word around here, not to be mentioned at the time of a supposed meeting.

The Innis College Student Society (ICSS), the Innis College Council and Council subcommittees have all been struck repeatedly by absences of committee members. Why?

Some of the reasons are given every year -- I didn't know there was a meeting, I have work to do, I can't make it etc. Only this year they're being given more often. A possible underlying reason is apathy.

Students don't care anymore. They are so involved in their own lives that they don't care about what their student society can do for them or how council can affect their lives. This is after all only a hypothesis;

maybe the recent climb in absences is due to some other mysterious reason.

The Urban Studies Programme offered by Innis College has just been re-vamped. Asked by Principal John Browne to review the programme, a committee of four professors and Vice-Principal David King met last fall to discuss changes and re-alignments to the previous programme.

On 6 January 1988, the "new" Urban Studies programme was presented to students presently enrolled in Urban studies. It was favourably received. The new changes include the addition of an introductory course to be offered at the 200 level. This course would be taught by various professors from different departments and would introduce Urban Studies as a cross-disciplinary area of study.

Other changes included designating the internship course as a 300 level course instead of a 200 level one. Some of the changes affect only the specialist programme while others affect the specialist and major programmes.

The proposed changes were passed by the Academic Affairs and College Council. If all goes well, the new programme will be in place September 1988. Those students currently enrolled in the Urban Studies programme will not be affected by the changes.

LETTERS

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free of sexist, racist, agist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact, the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely nobody; if you have difficulty with any of the opinions herein, it's an artifact of your own being.

Herald Wrong

Dear Editor,

I am writing in regards to an article by Yukio Koglin in the last edition of the *Herald* (Rouge River Saved). Inherent in the very title is a grave

misconception. Furthermore, the article begins by stating that the meeting was held at The Scarborough Towne Centre; if the reporter knew anything about Scarborough he would know that the Towne Centre was and always has been a shopping complex while the Council Chambers are located in the Civic Centre. The reporter also claims that "Scarborough Council voted overwhelmingly in favour of not developing the Rouge River Valley." This sentence would read more accurately if it said "Scarborough Council voted overwhelmingly in favour of developing the Rouge River System." The decision not to develop the system was turned down in a 14 to 1 vote. The only Alderman in favour of no development was Marilyn Mushinski. The concept accepted was one which would develop the land for "recreational

purposes" which include things such as camp ground sites, golf courses, country inns and historical buildings; hardly what I would call leaving the system in a natural state.

The acceptance of this concept is a sell out. The council members did

have their minds made up before

they entered the meeting; they were

influenced by the many phone calls

that they had received from

constituents who did not realize that

what they really wanted was a plan

which would leave the system in its

natural state. They had been told by

the mob of "Save-the-Rouge"

supporters that the recreational

concept was best for the land.

I also believe that mob rule is

hardly an acceptable way of getting

what you want.

Someone should have the opportunity to speak

their opinion without being heckled

and booed. Isn't that what a

democratic society stands for?

So, in conclusion Yukio Koglin, although your article may have represented a popular attitude, it was an ill informed one.

Judy Phillips

"An unprepared Innis College Urban Studies student who babbled."

Article Really Bad

Dear Editor,

I read with considerable interest Yukio Koglin's synopsis of the events that led to the headline "Rouge River Saved." Koglin's account was a flawed, lopsided and misguided attempt to describe one of the most prolific Scarborough debates that current and past Councils have ever faced and I expected a more objective account from such a renowned College

newspaper.

The article was flawed in several areas. The debate for example, did not take place in Scarborough Towne Centre. Its distinction is one of significant repute as shopping malls go, but the North East Land Study debate actually took place in the Meeting Hall of the Scarborough Civic Centre.

Koglin also stated that "Council voted overwhelmingly in favour of not developing the Rouge River Valley." Council did not. Council voted for Option Two which most certainly entails some development of the lands in question. The only option that recommended no development was Option One - an option only one member of Council supported - the writer of this letter!

Koglin's article was lopsided because of the choice of words used

Continued next page

■ ECOLOGY

PCB Soup and the Human Condition

Robert Jamieson

An interesting lecture about Great Lakes water quality was delivered by Don Mackay, a chemical engineer at a recent seminar held by the Institute for Environmental Studies. The focus of the lecture was the computer modelling of PCB pathways in the Great Lakes ecosystem, but the issue of controlling pollution in the Lakes was also addressed.

PCB's (poly-chlorinated biphenyls) (biphenyls -- co-Ed.) are a non-biodegradable, toxic chemical compound which were used in a number of different applications, mainly in the electrical industry for the cooling of electrical devices such as transformers. PCB's persist in the environment for a long period of time, and invade the food chain, ending up (for example) in contaminated fish at our dinner tables. Increasing levels of PCB's were found in lake system in the

result of a study which traced PCB flow through Lake Ontario. The model is useful for "Environmental Managers" as a representation of PCB movement in Lake Ontario and demonstrates the lake's function as a sediment trap. PCB containing sediment is removed by natural patterns of water flow and is precipitated on the lake bottom. Don claims that without this sedimentation process in Lake Ontario there would have been an ecological disaster.

The model details the flow of PCB's through the atmosphere, water and land. The chemical enters the ecosystem through many avenues, including rainfall. The model also shows a linear relation between PCB input and PCB concentration; a halving of input will lead to a halving of concentration given time. It takes eight years for the water in Lake Ontario to be

the International Joint Commission of the Lakes and is involved with other government organizations, and thus has an inside perspective on the problems intimately tied to environmental issues.

To quote Don: "What should we do to solve the Great Lakes' toxicity? Reduce loading: simple. Why don't we do it? Inertia--too many ministries and nobody wants to do anything. It is an extremely complex procedure to get anything done." He claims this is "paralysis by analysis." A little bit of knowledge is a delaying thing, with every bit of research money the scientists find becoming an excuse to do nothing. Scientists study a little bit more and then find out they need to study more before they can solve the problem. This is a common delaying problem affecting many environmental issues including acid rain.

Don also suggests that the "cause needs a leader", and that nothing is being done because there is no leading authority to give orders. The International Joint Commission on the Lakes is a failure and Don feels that we would be better off without the IJC. The public thinks that the IJC is a leading authority dealing with the problem, but in reality little is being accomplished.

Finally, Don suggests a practical method for solving the Great Lakes toxicity problem. Water is an undervalued resource which is relatively cheap. What is needed, according to Don, is a surcharge on water consumption and discharge which would be used to fund clean up efforts.

There is a need for a fundamental change in ethics. We cannot wait for dead bodies to show up. We should not be allowed to argue over the quantities, or to say that so many p.p.m.'s of such and such a chemical are safe. We should strive for the virtual elimination of toxics in the environment.

The Environmental Protection Agency of Environment Canada is working on the fundamentally wrong principal that reductions in the levels of toxic chemicals in the environment is a solution to environmental problems. The agency should work towards elimination of all toxic chemicals from the environment. In my mind, no toxic substance is safe at any concentration.



1940's, the level reached a peak in the 1970's, and high concentrations led to a decline in the population of seagulls and other fish eating animals. Since the banning of the use of PCB's, there has been a steady decline in concentration levels.

The computer model which Don developed (through funding by Environment Canada's Environmental Toxicology Fund) is

replaced, which makes it both easier to pollute and easier to clean up than other Great Lakes. Since the ban on PCB's in the 1970's the amount of PCB's in the lake has dropped from a high of 44 tonnes to 25 tonnes in 1985.

Aside from a scientific look at the ecosystem of the Great Lakes, Don Mackay also discussed the process of cleaning up the lakes and the politics involved. He is a member of

LETTERS

Continued

to describe the pro and con camps. For example, if delegates supported conservation, their presentations were "emotional", they feared the "eventual displacement", and the U of T was "well represented with a witty and relevant sociology professor", whereas those speakers seen to support "development" (dead me, such an ugly word!) had "ulterior motives", were marred by "weak" arguments, and were "unprepared and half-baked."

Koglin referred to an "unprepared Innis College Urban Studies student." That same student was delegated to North East Land Study for analysis and recommendation. While I disagreed with her conclusion, she should be commended for having the courage of her convictions, subjecting herself to the "heckling of the hostile audience", and speaking in defence of affordable housing, an issue that, in any other forum, would have

received academic accolades!

Finally, I have stated that Koglin's article is misguided. It is misguided because it leaves the uninformed lay reader with the impression that the Rouge Valley and its Tablelands have been saved from extinction for all time. If the publishing of this response to Koglin's article accomplishes one objective, it is the hope that the message delivered at the meeting on November 2 will not continue to be heard by the Province which will make the ultimate decision.

To believe that the battle to save the Rouge has been won is a fate worse than death. The war has only just begun! That is the message Koglin should have delivered but didn't.

More's the pity!

Marilyn Mushinski
Executive Alderman
Ward 5

INNIS FILM
WINTER / SPRING PROGRAMME
1988

DANCE IN FILM:
"The Dance is a Performance Art" by Shirley Clarke, David Hammer & others
Jan 28

EXPERIMENTAL GRAB-BAG:
"The Dance is a Performance Art" by Shirley Clarke, David Hammer & others
Feb 4

EXPERIMENTAL GRAB-BAG:
"The Dance is a Performance Art" by Shirley Clarke, David Hammer & others
Feb 11

EXPERIMENTS IN TORONTO ART:
"The Dance is a Performance Art" by Shirley Clarke, David Hammer & others
Feb 25

DIRTY MOVIES:
"The Dance is a Performance Art" by Shirley Clarke, David Hammer & others
Mar 3

FILMS FROM THE ACADEMY:
"The Dance is a Performance Art" by Shirley Clarke, David Hammer & others
Mar 10

GERMAN EXPERIMENTAL FILM
"The Dance is a Performance Art" by Shirley Clarke, David Hammer & others
Mar 17

FILMS AND THE ACADEMY
"The Dance is a Performance Art" by Shirley Clarke, David Hammer & others
Mar 24

GERMAN EXPERIMENTAL FILM
"The Dance is a Performance Art" by Shirley Clarke, David Hammer & others
Mar 31

all screenings at Innis town hall
7 pm

all shows are free. For more information, call 416-363-1700

RANDOM THOUGHTS

The Status of Women and Social Revolution

Jenny Farkas

The legal definition of the term status in the mid 1800's was "the condition of a person, arising out of age, sex, mental incapacity, crime, public station, etc., that determines the nature of that person's legal personality." A person's legal personality here includes their legal capacities, that is their ability to enter into contracts, their ability to own property, and the nature of their relations to the state or to another person, for example marriage, or adoption. Such legal status, it is important to note, was not chosen by individuals, but was imposed on them. Societal values and norms of the time concerning the factors of age, sex, etc., were the primary determinants of how the legal system would view an individual.

Whether these societal attitudes and norms were in turn influenced by the religious values of the day, or by the circumstances of the day (war, poverty, the aristocracy, etc.), is secondary. What is important is that their existence served to create and maintain not only a status quo, but also a tradition that societies to come would strive to uphold. Tradition, some would argue, is important in that it keeps the moral fibres of our society tautly together. But tradition is also static, stagnant, and does not allow for change, for progress. We live in a society of rapid change. Technology, food production, communication, relationships: all are altered daily to conform to our needs and desires. Should not our attitudes

and norm's also be changing to accommodate the other changes, if for no other reason than to keep our society consistent and non-contradictory?

Unfortunately, such is not the case. Today, our society subscribes to the notion that the more things change the more they stay the same, a fallacy of immense proportions. Equally pervasive in arguments for the continuation of tradition is the adage of: "I've never done it before so why start now?" This reasoning can be applied to anything from switching to a new brand of beer, to buying an appliance for the home such as a food processor when lacking the appliance has not caused grief in the past.

In this article, the focus will be on the use of this adage in the context of the status of women. This status, I will argue, is stagnant and unchanging because of tradition. From a proclamation by a judge early in this century which states that "women have never voted before so why should they start now?", to the recently revealed law which made it legal for a husband to rape his wife (repealed in 1981), the traditional attitudes concerning the role of women in society as a whole, in the family, and in the institution of marriage serve to keep women down, to oppress them and maintain male dominance in all avenues of society.

The status of women has long been inferior. In comparison to men, the perceived neutral entity, the norm

from which all else deviates, women are seen as less intelligent, weaker, less capable, less reliable, and not as willing and eager to succeed. The list is endless; the negation of women is evident in all aspects of day to day life.

Perhaps such has not always been the case. Some anthropologists and feminists argue for the existence of matrarchies in centuries past which functioned much differently than the patriarchal societies of today. Although this argument is widely refuted, it has been proved that matrilineal societies, societies which trace descent through women, did exist and still do in a few tribes in Africa.

The existence of such societies is of profound importance to women. In developing an understanding of how societies altered and were modified from matrilineal to patriarchal, patriarchal societies, and thereby understanding the process which led to tradition present in our present society, women can attempt to understand their prescribed status. And in this way we can also reject the adage "women have never done it before, so why start now?", for in matrilineal societies (it is thought) women participated in all realms of social life and all degrees of power and authority. Therefore: women have done it before.

Feminists have long recognized the need to understand and transcend harmful traditions in their fight to obtain a status for women equal to that of men. From the suffragists

who fought for the vote, to the women of the sixties who fought for the sexual freedom of women (the freedom to no longer be seen as sex objects, the freedom to choose whether they want to have children, the freedom to live in a world without rape and wife abuse), feminists have been attempting to overturn the adage "they've never done it before so why should we let them now."

It is farcical to examine the antics that those in power, those whose job it is to uphold the traditions that keep them in power and keep women down, have displayed throughout the years in order to quell feminist demands. And yet it is infuriating. How can a society be allowed to systematically stifle women? How can a society be allowed to, over and over again, repeat from its pedestal of power: women have never lived in a society where they were not subject to rape and other violence, so why should we develop such a society now?

Women who don't see, or fail to understand the implications of universal male dominance and universal enforcement of the above adage must try and throw off this veil of tradition in order that they may live. The oppression of over half the population of the world is not an accident. While all women must, at their own pace and in harmony with their own culture, reject the status ascribed to them, we must all work together.

And what of the universal values

of monogamy, marriage, heterosexuality, and so on? Do they too not reek of tradition and oppression? Can we not alter them such that they will treat all as equal? It is possible to have a marriage, a union between two individuals where one is not continuously singled out as inferior, and where the other is not treated as an unfriendly cold entity whose sole responsibility is to go to work, make money, and come home. Economic realities make such stereotypes farcical to the point of being ridiculous; women today both raise children and work full time, and yet they are paid less than men. Does this make sense? I cannot deny that changes are in progress. Laws are being altered, attitudes are slowly evolving... but further change is necessary. Little steps are not enough. We have to get rid of universal hatred of homosexuals, racism, and classism. How about working together, as a thinking, feeling human population to eradicate all inequalities in the world.

If we all do our part, if we all boycott's newspaper which exploits women, and advertisement that condones violence against women, an institution that segregates unfairly, just think about the changes that we could bring about.

My plea is for awareness of our surroundings and an understanding of the inequalities in our society. The adage should be: "I've never done it before so why not try it now?" If we all respect each other and harm no one, anything is possible.

Fanaticism, Free Trade, Burnt Apple Pie

David Sun

This article is intended to expose our leaders for what they really are, and reveal the falsity of some other myths.

What is wrong with our leaders? To avoid a spontaneous outburst of violence, I will confine my opinionated verbal Lynchings to certain North American figures. These will include our friendly king of patronage, the rightfully maligned, wretched spineless and deceitful Prime Minister Brian Mulroney; fire and brimstone comical eating preacher U.S.-presidential candidate Pat Robertson; and the world majority's target (and source) of degradation, senile, fascist, pig-dog president Ronald Reagan, whom his own supporters call a useful idiot; and others whom I'll apologize to before backsstabbing.

Mulroney, as we all know and regret, has decided free trade will sell us on a majestic flight to the economically prosperous pie in the sky. However, the pie is American, and it doesn't have the wonderful but immensely expensive social support structure the Canada has. Their country has ten times the population, and is infinitely richer in finances than ours. And THEIR government doesn't prop up ailing industries (such as doomed shipyards) while turning their back on the competitive ones. How can we, as a country, compete? Sure, Spar Aerospace will prosper, and we can accelerate the depletion of our natural resources to make a buck (American, that is). And we can prop up our dying R&D industries and be stuck with a few money making companies while watching the social system overload and burst. As the Americans hold a much larger share of the market (and thus make more money) sooner or later they'll finance their way into our specialized

industries and inevitably buy a victory. Then the pie will fall from the sky and our unique culturally diverse apples will be squashed and assimilated into the American pie.

What burns me is that Mulroney never talked about this trade deal during his campaign. (In fact, he used to be against free trade with the U.S.) And now, he has the gall to say that he has a mandate just because he was elected? Does this mean he can also turn Canada into a neo-nazi empire if he so chooses, because he's the Prime Minister with the mandate? How about turning an eye towards the problems he WAS given a mandate to consider? Such as our homeless, our pollution problem, native rights, unemployment and other real problems. With a friend like Mulroney, who needs an enemy?

Pat Robertson, one of the leading Republican contenders for presidency, almost makes me glad we have Mulroney. It seems that quite a few major conflicts have battles drawn between religions, and, and even between sects of the same religion. For instance, the Catholic IRA fights the Protestants; South African church leaders supported apartheid as a god given right; the KKK does the same; and Reagan gives weapons to the Contras to kill communist inclined civilians. The funny thing is, none of these people are the Christians they claim to be. The Bible does not say "thou shall not kill... unless Nicaragua becomes communist" or "...unless the Protestants have more money than you." I'm just waiting for Reagan to say "I gives guns to Contras for God", and that wouldn't be too radical. The person who is radical is Robertson. This millionaire evangelist, who claims to have faith healed cancer victims, turns hurricanes away from his broadcast



tower, and talked to God, is also the same freak who wants to arm America to the teeth. He wants a return to the McCarthy era by the invocation of the Monroe Doctrine, and by forcing ultra-right social changes on everyone. His main support comes from the southern middle-class middle-aged WASPs, which is while supremacists spelled with different letters. These people are able to justify everything on the basis of God and the "correct" religion, everything from force feeding American style Christianity to grade schoolers, to exterminating the evil empire with a sneak nuclear attack. The worst part is, some of his ideas actually make sense to people. This might garner support from otherwise intelligent dols.

Maybe I'm overreacting, and these people are right in saying what we've got is good. All I know is, our fish are pickled in dioxin, our trees are dying from acid wash treatment, our free oxygen is disappearing, we're under constant threat of nuclear destruction, and we're still the lucky ones.

Philosophy, Capitalism and Cynical Grapefruit

Matt McGarvey

This is my last chapter as philosophy editor of the *Innis Herald*. I leave you with some random thoughts.

Send your younger brothers and sisters elsewhere for an education. U of T has nothing to offer the undergraduate, except for the odd unique program of studies that cannot be obtained elsewhere, but it has twice the bureaucracy, is twice as expensive and generally involves a poor "quality of working life." I realize that this doesn't apply to all students, but the vast majority of us could have been better served elsewhere. Come here for grad school; that's where U of T's money is spent.

Speaking of university, I'm sick of hearing the whinings of people whose city has a university too crowded to accept them, so they have to go to (gasp!) Sudbury, Thunder Bay, or godknowswhere. University is supposed to be a time to grow up, so scrape together the money and pry yourself off your mother's apron to see a bit of the twelfth province, Northern Ontario (Why they don't separate and jack up prices for water, etc. I'll never know) (The Yukon, by the way, is the eleventh province).

Let's talk ethics for a moment. See Jack graduate. See Jack become a pawn in a conglomerate. See Jack read about the \$2000.00 vandalism job on a fur shop in "Crimesuppers" and wish he had information leading to the arrest of the anarchic rogue. See Jack fudge his own income tax by \$3000.00 and the company's book by \$100,000.00, and criticize the union for trying to hold the

company ransom. Moral of the story: Kat on your nearest corporate swindler- it is your duty as a citizen and as a moral agent. If you're worried about the consequences, just look at it as a continuance of that rebellious period of youth, and you'll feel younger for years.

Yes kids, I've grown cynical, but I'm totally convinced that I have just grounds for my cynicism. But, I'll not worry too much about it; I'm more concerned with family, grad school, rugby and death (in that order). Hopefully we'll have a big, big depression to shake everything up (if you have no money anyway, a depression can't hurt you). Just think what it would be like to have a few mil and then lose them, heh heh heh). Or maybe a war will break out between Israel and South Africa over who gets the next batch of slaves, and it will spread wide enough that we can establish a few more Sandinista governments in Guatemala, Jamaica, Monaco and India.

Seriously, let us wrest control of the world from the grip of Bay St., Wall St. and Tokyo, and put it in everyone's pockets. Or, if you cannot gain control, threaten to take it daily, leaving the power mongers with a serious case of paranoia. "We're gonna get you, Conrad. We've got meetings, informants, weapons... watch your ass!" So go home and watch the hockey game, alone as usual, pretending Conrad's face is tattooed on Wendell's helmet (or Harold's butt).

Have fun! If you can't beat 'em, hit harder.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

A Sentimental Journey

Jenny Friedland

I've been told to write something for the paper. I am, although exactly what it is I'm writing is not exactly clear. I'd write a film review but standards around here are so damn high and my understanding of *Franglais* words such as "rephallicization" so low I thought I'd best abstain. Other options? Oh, I don't know - maybe the ins and outs of being a media supervisor. It would, of course, be highly informative, but the inquisitive reader would soon find out how much I get paid and, upon close speculation, how little I do. Then I'd have flack to contend with from all corners of INI, not just from Monsieur Testa's office where I graciously acknowledge that it's my "middle-class upbringing which causes all the fuck-ups." Perhaps I could start a column. I'll call it "The Men in My Life" and style it in such a way that it really pisses off the readers of *Otherwise*. This, I verily

believe, is a fine idea and who knows, when the next issue is ready for print there may actually be some men in my life for me to write about. For now, dear reader, you'll have to content yourself with a recap of the most action I've had all year, that is

the man who jerked off in the subway: it was all so very exciting that I could write a treatise on the subject, but I'll try to keep it brief.

I was riding southbound on the University line, quietly reading Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey*, when I looked up and noticed that the man across from me had a very

large thumb. Since innocence is my middle name, I, of course, had to stare at this oddity for several moments before realizing what it was. And since vulgar is my other middle name I, of course, had to stare some moments longer before deciding to get off before he did (so to speak). He followed me, terror struck my very soul, he escaped. I called the police and that was that. Unfortunately, the whole adventure has had serious repercussions and now whenever I close my eyes I have visions of erect willies. Not so different in form than the ones I used to have, but different in what one might call approach. I have undoubtedly been scarred for life from the encounter but will hopefully recover sufficiently over the coming month to be able to experience new adventures and thus continue my column.

The Innis Writing Lab

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Mon., Wed., Thurs. 9-5

Tue. 9-1, Fri. 1-5

Xenophon and Og

A column addressing the metaphysical, physical and just plain absurd.

X: Hello, and welcome back. We're glad to be here.

O: We've both enjoyed our holidays, the endless periods of pastoral silence and the scenes of sylvan beauty that we encountered in our meanderings through the hinterland of an as yet unnamed country, but our brains are turning to mush.

X: Sepia-coloured mush, to be precise, with the consistency of porridge. Furthermore, succumbing to the capitalist prerogative, we decided to come back to this not so well-paid job.

O: At any rate, let's leave aside these puerile attempts at a characterization of our fictional selves and get to the matter at hand. Enough of this silly introduction.

X: I actually liked it, but opinions do seem to differ around here. The first question for the month (or months, as the case may be) is from Jenny Friedland. She asks "What, for me, is the good or the just life?"

O: I think I'll wait first of all say the requisite "That's a tough one Jenny." But we've got some specific ideas on the matter.

X: Like lay off killing the aliens. Playing "Arkanooids" is immoral.

O: Also, we hear that operating movie projectors is a health hazard.

Three projectionists in the U.S. were lynched by audiences seeing *Rambo* when the film was burnt through. Apparently the projectionists were painted red and hung on the remaining celluloid while the audience members chanted "Death to the communist conspiracy!"

X: Also, a Toronto projectionist was recently taken to a mental institution after seeing *Under a Cherry Moon* for the 50th time; the projectionist began confusing everybody with Prince and became homicidal.

O: But enough of this specific advice; we sense a larger question lurking beneath the apparently innocent surface.

X: We ourselves differ on the meaning of "good" in your question; I believe the good life is one in which the least harm is done to others by me, in which the world is beautified and treated with respect by me-

O: my heart bleeds-

X: in which the general condition of life is improved and in which the condition of Being is raised to a



superior plane. This is the "good" for me. Og, on the other hand, roughly speaking, equates "good" with "fun". To speak in broad terms, my idea of the good life is a prelapsarian paradise, while Og's is about as far into the post-fall abyss as one can get with out collapsing into a state of utter corruption. So even between the two of us, there is a wide difference in our conceptions of the good life.

O: That's right, Og: one person's good is another person's ennui. Whereas I believe in any philosophy which includes the proposition "The more fun the better"; Xenophon achieves *jouissance* by contemplating flowers, and reading books without narratives. Need I say more? Transcendental jello is not a condition I aspire to.

X: As to a just life, we'd like to see some changes around here. We want equal pay for equal value, a coffee machine, better chairs, and a secretary. We both hate typing. In fact Og is lucky that he inherited opposable thumbs from his grandfather, otherwise he's have to hit the spacebar with his broad, forward sloping forehead, which is a relic of his primitive inheritance.

O: Yes, in my grandfather's day we had to go out and kill our mastodon; no supermarkets- and none of this central heating business. I led a tragic childhood...

X: But, as our readers know, the purpose of this column is not to recount the ignominies of our past, but to answer your questions. Our next question is "Why do I have acne on my back?"

O: We think it is appropriate at this point to remind our readers that we are meta-physicians, not physicians.

X: But, on the other hand, the question seems rather easy to answer. Acne is pervasive, invasive and generally speaking evil, as

anybody will agree. And as everybody knows, evil knows no bounds. So why shouldn't you have acne on your back?

O: Yes, it's not as if the bacteria that cause acne know what back is anyways, or why it's oddly inappropriate to form zits there.

X: And if they did know what a back was they'd have to have a language to deal with the concept, and language brings other problems-social unrest, breakdowns in communication which lead to war, etc.

O: And since no reputable biologist would admit that acne bacteria that cause acne know what back is anyways, or why it's oddly inappropriate to form zits there.

X: Our next question is very deep: "Why the leafs?"

O: First of all, we'd like to point out that should be "leaves", not "leafs".

X: The answer to this question is simple, and once again rests on that ever present profit motive. Leaves are the subject of an estimated 25% of all poetry; falling off trees in the dead of night, being trampled underfoot, turning odd shades of red at precisely the wrong moment, leaves are ever involved with our deepest poetic feelings. And since there are some people who make a killing in poetry sales each year, a removal of this foliage finery would repress this market.

X: Further, the falling of leaves in autumn, with the subsequent baring of trees, causes us to reflect on our own mortality. This makes us check up on our funeral arrangements, coffin models, hearse bookings etc.

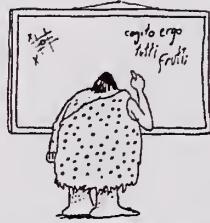
O: And leaves represent a source of income for those who raise them up.

X: We think that the cause of leaves,

simply put, is poets, morticians, and gardeners, in an active plot to keep themselves employed.

X: "Is corduroy a viable fashion alternative?"

O: Well historically speaking, "corduroy" derives from the French "Cordes du roya", which means "threads of the King". X: Thus, if you're the King of France, by all means wear it. But Bertrand Russell had lots of problems with the King of France as a compound concept, and wasn't known for wearing corduroy either. So it all depends on who you are.



O: On the other hand, if by corduroy you mean the type of road which is formed by embedding logs in the road bed, transversely to the direction of the road, we'd disagree with you.

X: Embedding logs in your body would be very painful; and we don't know which direction you'd consider transverse when trying to do this.

O: As a further disclaimer, we'd like to say that corduroy should not be used for pillows- it leaves you with funny marks on your head.

X: Our next one is classic; I first heard it back in my days at the symposium- some guy was going on and on and on about the perfection of geometric shapes, math and science and the fact that every idea we have is a shoddy imitation of something that was somewhere else.

O: I wasn't quite getting it and was beginning to doze, when this loon in the back row gets up, tears off his toga and shouts "What about art?"

O: Woooell, he left Dal you see, and then he went to Victoria, because there, you know-

X: But seriously, what about art? We should first of all note that the three letters appear in ascending alphabetical order, an appearance of perfection which I shall soon shatter.

O: And leaves represent a source of income for those who raise them up.

X: We think that the cause of leaves, simply put, is poets, morticians, and gardeners, in an active plot to keep themselves employed.

X: "Is corduroy a viable fashion alternative?"

O: Well historically speaking, "corduroy" derives from the French "Cordes du roya", which means "threads of the King".

X: Thus, if you're the King of France, by all means wear it. But Bertrand Russell had lots of problems with the King of France as a compound concept, and wasn't known for wearing corduroy either. So it all depends on who you are.

we get 63. Add 63 and 39 together and 102 is obtained- add the second digit of 39 and we get 11, multiplying by the first digit of 63 and once again 666. If that weren't enough, $39=6\times 6+3$; rewriting this as 663 and allowing for reasonable mathematical error on the side of evil, we once again have a clear indication of malignant forces. So art is bad news; stay away from it, it will destroy your capacity for rational thought and grow hair on your palms- as for art involving Erik Estrada- I don't think we need to say more.

O: Can someone with a middle class upbringing run a projector?"

X: No, obviously not. Members of the bourgeoisie have no natural talents for the use of machinery, whereas the lower class have it in their blood: it grows in them and lends them a natural uncorrupted simplicity and strength which has been leached out of the minds and bodies of the decadent middle class.

O: Which is why the lower classes should revolt- no lower class, no movies, no T.V. shows, no bot air popcorn poppers, no pizza delivery.

The middle class will collapse in a state of boredom and helplessness in matter of days.

X: It's simple: people with a middle class upbringing should not become projectionists- when faced with an unforeseen technical difficulty they may lapse into a mindless panic.

O: "Is there eternal recurrence of the Same?"

X: Only on Sundays. Or in a broader sense, only in the twentieth century.

I mean, look at the food downstairs.

Lasagna, chili, cbili, lasagna,

lasagna-chili, cbili-lasagna,

lasagna-lasagna-lasagna-

O: Yes well, looks like there is.

And there's no way to get out of it except through art to poetry about leaves falling into prelapsarian abysses, but both of these avenues seem to be founded on misconstrued bases and lead to the eschewing of hegemony and cult sacrifices to the devil.

X: Or mindless nonsensical rhetoric.

O: Our last question is "What about codine, i.e. T3's etc.?"

X: Well, that seems to be a viable alternative. But where would they get you? Nowhere. We must despair. That is the twentieth century condition. As we have shown, poetry and art are not valid responses. Ask Paul. And ask Jenny for her egg joke.

ARTS

Short Story Contest Winner Rowing To Byzantium

Well, we've got to admit, we didn't get an overwhelming response to our short story contest. None were short enough to qualify for the Short-short story category. The following story was the best of the bizarre and byzantine ones, and is presented here, unabridged, for your delectation. If the author is around Innis or oil, he can accept the editor and get his prize, which will be a twenty dollar gift certificate at the Bob Miller Book Room.

We were the edge of ash glowing in the darkness. With each pull of the oars we neared the yellow decay that was Byzantium.

I rowed and she watched in this far away, dark sea. She was watching the muscles grow and define on my shoulders. I thought of the growing number of pulsis I had made, like long footstep.

The sea with no stars in it was like some obsidian desert. She brought out the name tags which said "free thinker" and "enjoyer of the happy life". She then leaned forward and a gloved hand reached towards my shoulder. I felt ashamed because I had not bathed. I increased the pace, placing my downwind from her nose. She touched my shoulder and I stopped. Without a noise.

I saw the wind gather in the darkness above -- a lion into a run. It swirled down and fell like waterfalls until it curved sharply above her head and inverted her

salmon-pink parasol. Her hair was messed slightly (like Norma Rae) and she let the parasol go, handle down it floated away, like a pink water lily.

The boat began taking in the black water, so we seemed to be gliding down a slipway into the sea.

We stood, like melodrama, and she embraced me just as our shoulders were covered with water. I could not see her face, felt her head lying against my neck -- as if she could actually look into the distance behind me. I opened my mouth.

I thought not to unroll my cuffs as we entered the casbah. A tree beside the white stucco had a sign hanging from its biggest branch proclaiming: this is where the man who invented the human heart was hanged.

A trim waiter with a trim moustache and a dark tan took our hands and led us to the centre table inside. The sound was like a murmuring. All the fat puppet men in fezzes -- murmur murmur murmur murmur murmur murmur -- their lips up and down in quick little movements. This (needless to say) made me a bit nervous.

My palms itch when I am nervous and I have to piss real bad. I tightened my bladder and pushed my knees together and she touched me with a cold, wet hand. Rubbing and rubbing my forearm and then snaking up it like a spider who has to piss real bad. She slipped her deft

hand into my cotton shirt and swirled and snaked the thing around my chest. My anxiety grew (needless to say). It felt like the spider was loving my chest and laying eggs.

I saw the wind gather again, just under the propeller fan. It really took speed from across the room. This frantic thing on my chest. The wind hit me full in the mouth -- I recalled being strapped to the front of a subway in hurtling darkness. The thought of exhaling was impossible as her hand quickened my gooseflesh dance.

I arched back my back and her hand like some Philipino faith-healer was in. Into my cavity, groping for an organ, any organ.

Finally, then, I realized Durrell:

"Would we turn from each other with a cry of emptiness and disgust? I realized then the truth about all love: that it is an absolute which takes all or forfeits all. The other feelings, compassion, tenderness and so on, exist only in the periphery and belong to the constructions of society and habit. But she herself -- austere and merciless Aphrodite -- is a pagan. It is not our brains or instincts which she picks -- but our very bones."

yukio koglin

The Id That Ate New York

Chris Thiesenhausen

"That's the sound of the men Working on the Brain gang" --with apologies to Sam Cooke

This past holiday season I worked on a low-budget shock horror feature in the Roger Corman vein entitled *The Brain*. Written by and starring Canadian talent and shot in and around Toronto - the film is nonetheless set in a typical American Wonder-BreadTM suburb (Meadowvale, N.Y.).

The Brain is about a mad scientist (Dr. Blake) who plans to dominate the world by using an overgrown and disembodied brain with both jaws and telepathic powers (see photo). Dr. Blake is thwarted by a teenager (Jim) who is able to resist the brain, although the ending is ambiguous to permit a sequel (*Son of The Brain*?).

If you're wondering what I did ... well... er... ah... I'm the guy inside the brain at the controls, eating various citizens of Meadowvale until I get zapped. Fine bit of acting, if like me, you have no artistic integrity and lack principles.

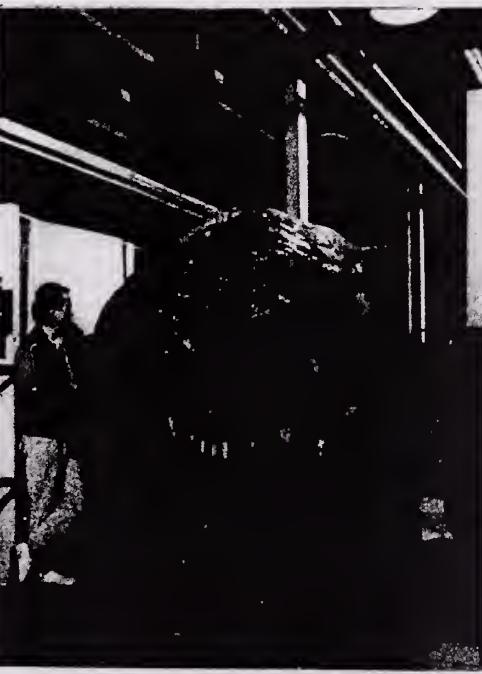
The dumbest thing I did was volunteer to help the grips build a scaffold tower. I found out the hard way that I have an intense fear of heights, although I defy anyone to climb to the top of a fifty-foot tower that sways a foot at the top and not be a might terrified.

The most charming location we shot at (and a common one for Toronto productions) was our main studio, the old COB plant on Dupont. It's rather nice as warehouses go, aside from the PCB's and asbestos contamination. We had the dubious pleasure of a flat-rate 37-hour last day of production there, relieved only by

the doughnut contest in the snow-filled parking lot with the production Lincoln.

Und zo, B-movie fans, when you

see this gem of a film, an homage to the worst of fifties sci-fi, think of me when the brain rushes at you, and smile.



"Dead Weeds of Vidity": Bucketts o' Beckett

Keith Denning

The Graduate Drama Centre at U of T has been the subject of much criticism lately for mediocre dramatic productions. The "Festival of Beckett" going on right now at the Robert Gill Theatre should change this attitude.

The "Festival" consists of two sets of Beckett plays: *Come and Go*, *Foolfools*, and *Krapp's Last Tape* make up the first program, and *Endgame* is on the second program. I saw the first program, and was very impressed by what I saw.

Come and Go is subtitled "a dramaticule"; it is a very short play, with only two-and-a-half pages of script. Three women with identical costumes (except for colour) sit on a bench just wide enough to accommodate them. Only the bench is lit, very dimly from above. The action consists of each of the three women leaving in turn, and the remaining two whispering secrets while the one is absent. The play closes with the three women interlocking hands in a complex, binding, restrictive way. This is one of my favourite works by Beckett, and I very much enjoyed this production of it.

Foolfools was the second work on the program. There are two characters: May, a woman of forty, with a hunched back and raggedly cloaked head, who spends the entire play walking back and forth along one strip of dimly-illuminated stage; and the Voice (of her mother, presumably). The play is in three short acts: act one is a dialogue between May and the Voice; act two is essentially a monologue of the voice, and act three is a monologue of May. The most interesting technique used during the play occurs during the monologue, in which the speaker retells a play-within-the-play: "Mother: What do you mean 'to put it mildly'?" Amy: I mean that to say I observed nothing odd was to put it mildly, as I

observed nothing at all." This permits a glimpse back into the past of this relationship of mother and daughter, but the "it", the disaster which befall the household, and left May an arthritic spinster (played with a perfectly-executed voice of weary contempt) caring for her bed-ridden, aged mother, is only alluded to, and never actually explained, a technique Beckett uses to universalise the fairly specific situations he portrays on stage.

The feature of the evening is the extended monologue *Krapp's Last Tape*, which portrays the hopeless self-contemptuous pride of an old man listening to himself speak on a tape from some thirty years previous. Jim Feather, who played Krapp, gave a wonderful portrayal of this difficult character: old, wizened, eccentric and extinguished, and also played the younger Krapp, on tape, very well. The other notable thing about this particular production is the set design, which is a departure from the script that should be congratulated. The set here included a staircase going from the stage to the catwalk not called for in the script, which created a sort of mental landscape. Krapp begins the play by descending the darkened staircase, from the everyday life of consciousness to the depths of memory and painful nostalgia. Every once in a while, his bowel condition or other complaint requires him to go up the stairs, back into the drab everyday existence of being in pain and having to take medication, only to end the play with a final return to the depths, where he remains.

Beckett's drama is very, at best, difficult to perform convincingly. Applause as enthusiastic as that which the audience gave on the night I attended is well-earned praise for any troupe performing his stage works, especially three works as sparse and difficult as these.

Who's Sorry Now

Rick Campbell

I know what I said. I take it back. My editor appropriately titled my article last issue, "Dump on Theatre." I won't recap what I said, but a couple of recent events have considerably brightened my somewhat sour attitude about the union of Toronto Free Theatre and CeatreStage. Their two current productions, George Walker's *Nothing Sacred* and David Williamson's *Emerald City* are stunning (wow-Ed.). Particularly noteworthy is Walker's adaptation of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. While it may be a brilliant rendering of Chekhovian drama, it is also filled with Walker's anarchic spirit. Most of the performances sparkle, and despite the mixture of acting styles (method meets mannered technique), the whole is a delight. I have only one complaint. I have yet to see a production of this sort in Toronto that contains the true spirit of

ensemble work. Too often the actors seemed to be competing with one another, rather than working together. I was most impressed with veteran David Fox's performance as a loving yet confused older victim of the generation gap. His quiet scene with Richard Monette as they sadly ponder being caught in the tumult of change was a marvel of stillness.

The other play, about modern Sydney, Australia, stars the ubiquitous R.H. Thompson and Graeme Campbell in a get rich quick satire.

My worry about teeth'n'tits musicals and ploddingly directed tragedies was ill-founded. Also worth a look in my bumbled opinion is Martha Ross's *The Porch People* at the Poor Alex. Most of these people were recently involved in the wonderful *The Green Bird*. And yes! This is a retraction.



ARTS

Penderecki Concert Review, At Long Last

Keith Denning

(Apologetic preface: the concert reviewed here was actually held in mid-November, but due to the fact that the November issue of the Innis Herald had nearly gone to press of concert-time, this review wasn't included. It appears here now, for whoever may still remember this concert ever took place.)

Krzysztof Penderecki is one of the few composers today who actually earns a living through his compositions. In fact, he has a comfortably sizable income. If you saw him conduct a selection from his works in one of the New Music concerts in November, you know why he is such a popular and successful composer.

Penderecki's fame began in the late 1950's after winning a prestigious competition in his native Poland. The concert opened, suitably enough, with two works dating from that period (1959), *Three Clarinet Miniatures* and *Strophes*, one of his competition-winning works.

Three Clarinet Miniatures consists of three short movements (Allegro, Andante cantabile, Allegro ma non troppo) for clarinet and piano. The allegro is lively, spirited and humourous, and here it was

especially enjoyable to watch the performers, who were as caught up with the music as the audience was. The second movement is brooding, mysterious and pensive, frequently setting the clarinet a semitone away from the piano chords to create an eerie tension. The third movement, by contrast, is crisp, precise and driving, with an almost military rhythmic fervour that carries the listener and sends him careening, *sous broches*, into the closing bar. The piece, overall, is composed with a technique reminiscent of Schönberg's earlier works, but the sentiment, emotional and romantic, is Penderecki's own style, one he exploited in many of his later works.

Strophes is a very sparsely written work, scored for soprano, narrator, piano, flute, harp, solo strings, and a wide array of percussion instruments, including xylophone, cymbals, and gongs. The text of the work is taken from the Bible, from Sophocles, Menander and Omar Khayyam. In this piece Penderecki makes use of many unusual musical techniques: Sprechstimme for the soprano, fluttertonguing for the flute, striking the cymbals with the fingers instead of mallets, and, most conspicuously, Penderecki has the pianist prepare

his piano as he is playing, so that we see the pianist occasionally reach inside the piano and jam a piece of rubber or other material between certain strings, and remove them later. Many contemporary musicians go out of their way to use these unusual techniques, and often they seem to be like children with new toys because of it, but in *Strophes*, there is no sense of this sort of extravagance for its own sake. Penderecki uses these techniques where he deems them necessary, and never uses them to make a display of "daring modernity".

The *Viola Concerto* was composed in 1983, and was one of the last works that Penderecki composed in a romantic vein, he says. Its four movements run in one continuum, adding to the sense of overpowering inevitability that the piece has, the sense that each bar is only a prelude, an anticipation of a greater moment, more impassioned and powerful than the last. The solo viola (played in this case by Rivka Golani) and the strings carry most of the weight of the piece, creating a powerful dramatic tide which rises and falls through the piece, coloured occasionally by a relatively small group of wind instruments. One technique (which very

effectively augmented the tension created by the dynamics of the piece) used on several occasions was a "grand cadenza", during which all players played their parts without direction, until the conductor drew them back into a metered passage of the music. This was my favourite work on the program, and impressed me particularly because of its departure from the cold abstraction that characterizes much atonal composition: the *Viola Concerto* serves as an excellent example of the possibilities of atonal music in the romantic tradition.

The *String Quartet #2* (1968) was another tour-de-force of unusual playing techniques, including harmonics, massive glissandos, and the final note, played by the cello, on which the cellist was instructed to loosen the string as he played it. This, like the *Viola Concerto*, contained several passages of unmetred playing, and was also romantic in character, although more abstract than the *Concerto*.

Portilo (1971), along with *Strophes*, was perhaps the work with the strangest orchestration of the entire evening: harp, harpsichord, celesta, electric guitar and electric bass, and solo contrabass. The piece opens with a

single pulsating tone, which gradually evolves into a series of repeated discords reminiscent of *The Rite of Spring*. It continues through a number of motifs and themes, including one conspicuous rhythmic motif which goes through all of the instruments. A repeated series of staccato or pizzicato notes is played, following the pattern: several quarter notes, followed by eighth notes, followed by sixteenth notes. This pattern, followed freely by several instruments at once, creates a strange rhythmic counterpoint which ends with a return to the single pulsating tone with which the piece opened.

So: Penderecki is good. Go out and buy a Penderecki album. Any Penderecki album. I went to Sam's a few weeks ago, and noticed that while they have at least twenty-three versions of Handel's *Messiah* among some two hundred discs devoted to the old master, there was only one single record under the heading of Penderecki. Moral of the story: when you see a recording of good new music, buy it, because there just ain't too many of them out there. Better yet, go to some new music concerts. After all, there are only so many different ways of doing Beethoven's Fifth.

Brakhage: Seeing With His Eyes

Jim Shedd

"Any fool can see for himself." Like they say — (Brakhage)

Brakhage is coming.

To my mind, Brakhage is the most important filmmaker. "Most important" because of the intensity and consistency of his films and writings. While not always regarded as one of the Old Masters of the cinema (as are Renoir, Eisenstein, Antonioni and Wells), he certainly has his defenders in the critical world. Canadian filmmaker Bruce Elder, who sparked my initial enthusiasm for Brakhage, claims that "Brakhage... presented us with the most incisive survey of consciousness in the entire history of Western art." American filmmaker Jonas Mekas, the Godfather of American experimental film, states emphatically that "Brakhage is one of the four or five most authentic film artists working in cinema anywhere, and perhaps the most original filmmaker in America today."

What makes Brakhage so important? Possibly it is that aspect of his films which makes them so hard to describe — for Brakhage's films are incredibly hard to describe in words. This is because the aim of Brakhage's artistic project is to reawaken vision. The very act of attempting to describe a film, any film, comes after the fact of vision. Brakhage tries to operate on an artistic level which separates vision from a system of description, and prevents banal comprehension. In his oft-quoted, brilliant manifesto, *Metaphors on Vision* (1963) he invites us to "Imagine a world alive with incomprehensible objects and shimmering with an endless variety of movement and innumerable gradations of colour. Imagine a world before the 'beginning' was the 'word'." A consequence of this approach to film is that each viewer must have a different objective response to Brakhage's films. As Fred Camper has said: "A Brakhage film addresses that which is unique, separate, and particular in every viewer, through stylistic and perceptual devices within the film which directly engage the viewer's entire nervous system in its apprehension."

Brakhage applies his project to several different genres, and as a result there is a set of stylistic trademarks which one could attribute to a "typical" Brakhage film. Although all of Brakhage's films participate in his artistic vision (there are few artists this century so uncompromising), his films belong to the realms of drama (especially *Faustfilm*), "trance films" (à la Maya Deren — especially *Reflections on Block* and *On the Way to Shadow Garden*), abstract expressionism (in particular the handpainted *Dante Quartet* and *Mightymusic*), documentary (*The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes*, which deals with autopsies), and so on. These genres are relatively useless in describing his work; in fact, Brakhage himself argues that they are all documents since they are documents of consciousness. This is not to be understood as a "faithful" capturing of some prolific event on film — i.e. "past tense" movies — like even the greatest "documentarists" — Leacock, Pennsbaker, et al. Brakhage documents the various ways of seeing: dreams, "hypnagogic vision" (close-eye vision), daydreams, changes in focus and perspective, intense mood-induced colours (seeing red, feeling blue, being green with envy) — not just the way our eyes see in every day situations. When he was lecturing at Ryerson last year he challenged the audience to "go ahead, move your head and see if you can make a Hollywood pan," adding that we actually see like a Brakhage film.

Brakhage is extraordinarily attuned to seeing, indeed to all kinds of sensing, as any great artist ought to be. Consider his letter to the Principal of Myrenna's (his daughter) school in 1966 after the Principal sent Myrenna home with a note complaining about her odour. Saddened, Brakhage replied to the Principal:

"My wife and I both cherish the human senses. The sense of smell has been particularly delightful to us — an area of sensibility rich in surprises to the searching human precisely because it has suffered such human neglect, has been so suppressed in most people's

upbringing. As a result of opening our nostrils, so to speak, we have come to be aware of the fact ... that human beings, and indeed every living thing, participates in the communication with others very largely thru the emitting of smells specific to individual emotion. My wife and I, for instance, have learned to consciously differentiate the smell of fear (a sour-milk-&-burnt-fat-effluvium) from, say hate (somewhat like moistened-charcoal - of burnt-meat, sometimes coupled with sea-weedy salt).

Recently I had the pleasure of watching *Scenes From Under Childhood* — perhaps Brakhage's most accomplished film, and certainly an exemplar of the kind of cinema called for in *Metaphors on Vision*. The film opens with frames of redness, somewhat like a deep sunlight being seen when filtered through a closed eyelid, but perhaps, as Sitney suggests, it is "pre-natal" vision. Slowly an image of a baby comes into being but very indefinitely, with much flickering, alternating with black and blue frames. We "see" the baby, finally, playing with other young children (siblings?). The vision is never an absolutely clear, Renaissance composition: Instead, Brakhage superimposes images on top of one another, creating bursts of bright colours — he uses soft focus, negative dissolving, and all the while shoots parts of bodies exploding into off-screen space. These images pertain to the child's early consciousness when the child does not differentiate bodies as unified being — indeed the child does not absolutely differentiate any objects in this state.

The imagery in the film progresses to the point where there is a Renaissance perspective. For Sitney, then (and this is hardly an idiosyncratic interpretation), the film traces the origins of "sense-certainty." This is an ontogenetic chronicle — since the film appears to chart a child's consciousness of the world coming into being, and is perhaps an autobiography of Brakhage — but is also phylogenetic since Brakhage holds the view that, with the "progress" of modernity, most people, as a general rule have

forgotten how to see. It is practically only the artists — twentieth century sound poets, abstract expressionists and, well, Brakhagian filmmakers — who transcend this gradual visionary amnesia. With this in mind, we can understand that Brakhage is drawing a connection between the vision of the artist and the vision of the child — not a simple parallel, but a suggestion that the artist "dialectically regresses" (a term taken from Marcus — a little bit odd to use him to discuss Brakhage, but what Marcus has in mind is the avoidance of simple mechanical regressions). That is, he returns to the state of childhood anamnestically, as if in an intense daydream. *Scenes* is largely composed of a set of scrapbook pictures ... seen thru heat waves." As is the case with daydreaming, the film is not ordered in any chronological (or indeed any logical) manner. There is an oscillation back and forth in time and back in forth in clarity. That is to say, the images move between representation and abstraction. The ultimate accomplishment (like so much great Modern art) is an "unpredictable" (Brakhage's description of Marie Menken's "lines" in contradistinction to Norma McLaren's willful, "ego-centred" "means to an end" use of abstraction).

This last point — the tension between abstraction and representation — is crucial to Brakhage's greatness. The photographic image in his films always slides so easily into abstraction. Sitney illustrates this in *Visionary Film* with a still from *Thigh, Line, Lyre, Triangular* —

showing how remarkably similar its composition is to an Abstract Expressionist painting, and I think of my recent experience watching *The Act Of Seeing With One's Own Eyes*, where shots of internal body organs reminded me of Pollock's and Kline's (and Brakhage's use of colour often reminds me of Rothko). The "aesthetic experience" for both the artist and the audience seems to be one of no longer seeing the use-value of an object as primary, to appreciate the beauty of form, colour, shape, line (i.e. abstraction) even in an object that obviously does have use-value, or even in what is obviously a "representation." A small child either fails to see the object as definitely differentiated (i.e. in our usual concrete sense of that word) or is able to shift his or her consciousness freely. A child, in other words, is still attentive to the world, can see, hear, smell, and taste the world.

I am suggesting that we are not, in most cases, attentive to the world, as we are tied to a utilitarian idea of things, our experience determined by a synoptic consciousness, always describing, conceptualizing, differentiating. For me, Brakhage's film is extraordinarily attentive to the world. It should be obvious, by now, that this extreme openness makes it impossible to "describe" films except to reiterate Camper's comment that the films addresses what is unique, separate, and particular in every viewer.

(Brakhage will be at the Innis Town Hall with new and old work, in 16mm and 35mm, on Thursday, March 17, at 7:00 p.m.)

Essay got you stuck?

Don't come unglued.

Come to the Innis Writing Lab

Room 314 978-4871

ARTS

George Michael Yuck

Faith
George Michael
Columbia OCT 40867

Let's face it, it doesn't take tremendous insight to trash George Michael; hell, it's fun. His songs have never been musically complex, and a five-year-old could explain his lyrics without breaking a mental sweat. Now that his new album, *Faith*, is rocketing up the charts, is it time for the faceless hordes of closet Wham! fans (someone must have been buying all those records) to step out into the bright sunlight and exclaim proudly "We love you George!" or will the hormonally imbalanced, short, ugly kid with an errant trail of spitite hanging out of his slack-jawed smile remain the public's conception of the typical George Michael wannabe?

Michael is a role player. His earliest North American exposure was the video for "Wake Me Up Before You Go Go", where he played the part of a sun-tanned, fun-loving aerobics instructor, on stage during a lip-synch competition. As his popularity, and fiscal solvency, increased, George became more world weary, somehow pained by his success, searching for true happiness in a world that wanted him only as a pop star.

"Carcass Whispers" showed the world just such a man. His hands clutched into fists, his face looking anguished as he communicated the ignominy of his treatment at the hands of some European tartlet. At this point did we, as thinking beings, see the grand joke this all was? Did we as cautious consumers point at George, smile briefly and dismiss him from the grand stage of pop stardom? No. We went ape-shit for it, the former Georgios Kyriacos Panayiotou or the former an unbelieveable load of money at our expense. George-boy remarks on his financial state with an air of hubris that would make King Lear blush, "For the size group that we were, we made a very average amount of money. We didn't have a great deal; we had a good deal... I got rich, but I didn't get as rich as people think... This time, I'm gonna get rich! And not because I particularly need any more money, but because I should, you know?"

But I still don't understand how a society sufficiently advanced to create Velcro™ could open its collective front door to something like George-amania?

Whew. Now that I've vented my spleen for the last three hundred or

so words, I feel that I can proceed somewhat more calmly. I like Wham. There, I said it. It's out in the open. It's not something that I'm proud of but I can't lie to you, dear reader. I wasn't really into it, I guess I was only experimenting, Mr. Chief Justice. Never did I, unlike many people - you know who you are, sneak home early to listen to Wham with my door closed and the blankets pulled up over my headphones. Never did I find myself humming the lyrics to "Wham Rap" as I waited for the subway... well nearly never.

The fact of the matter is George writes catchy tunes. I'm sure that the Holland-Dozier-Holland songwriting team never agonized over whether the Supremes' "Stop! In The Name of Love" was poisoning the minds of the world's youth. The voice of "Wake Me Up Before You Go Go" is a voice that reaches out of the vinyl, grabs you by the lapels (Louis Allthousers refers to this process as interpolation, but I'm sure that the author of "Ideology and Ideological State Apparatuses" never had this in mind) and beseeches you, "Guys just want to have fun!" And don't they?

All of this ruminating is leading somewhere, I promise you, specifically to *Faith*. It seems that all the money, women, fame, (did I say money yet?), and money have tainted friend George. No longer do guys just want to have fun, nowadays it appears that guys just want to have sex. You'd have had to be living in a soundproof booth, without a window seal, to miss the hullabaloo over the debut single from *Faith*. For those of you who have just regained consciousness, the song is "I Want Your Sex". "Sex" has quite rightly raised the hackles of women's groups everywhere with quaint lyrical turns like: "What's your definition of dirty baby?/ What do you consider pornography?/ Don't you know I love you till it hurts me baby?/ Don't you think it's time you had sex with me?" Let's get something straight, George never suggests a sexual free-for-all. His appetite may be unsatisfactory but he eats from only one plate at a time: "Sex is natural, sex is fun/ sex is best when it's one on one." In the appropriately steamy video George uses subtle underscoring to underscore his thoughts on the issue - scrawling "Explore monogamy" on a woman's thigh with lipstick.

In case anyone has missed the point, George restates it a number of times, most notably in the three versions of "I Want Your Sex", subtitled "Lust", "Brass in Love", and "A Last Request". Don't think for a minute, gentle reader, that on the other tracks George's base desire are held in check. A quick scan of the lyric sheet and the whole story becomes obvious: while his Supergro was in the service station double-checking the directions, George's Id drove off in the sports car. Case in point, "Father Figure". This song could quite possibly set child molestation back ten years. When George sings: "For just one moment/ To be bold and naked at your side.../ will be your father figure/ (Oh Baby)/ Put your little hand in mine/ (Be your daddy)" Anything you have in mind" it gets one to thinking that our day-care centers need a little stronger security.

Finally there is "Faith". The title song of this decidedly decadent disc. More than anything else "Faith" is derivative, truly derivative, a complete rip-off and joyously so. The lyrics belong to Prince, the bass line is pure Jackson 5, the clapping beat is from the Cure's "Close To You". The guitar solo is Duane Eddy. Need I go on? George Michael is a young man, one much older than the average student here at U of T, like us he is keenly aware of history, and in this post-modern aplomb incorporates it into his work wherever possible. When something doesn't fit, he forces it. The seams show. Sloppy musicianship has given way to detached electronics, but the feeling is still there. In "Faith" Georgios Kyriacos Panayiotou has done what a ridiculously small number of people do. He has written a perfect three-minute pop song. Neither politically nor aesthetically correct this Rockabilly rave-up comes on like the "Sun-Sessions" with synthesizers and doesn't let up. It picks you up in a dizzying eddy of twangy guitars and fight it though you may, it captures your heart.

Twenty years from now, will George Michael be remembered solely for his hot-pants yearnings on "I Want Your Sex"? That would indeed be a shame, for smug son of a bitch though he is, George Michael should stand out as the figure in the eighties who rediscovered the pop song.

Andrew Epstein

The Top Ten of 87: Revelations of Brilliance

Billz

Top single - "Touch of Grey"
Great 3 chord pop that's a) uplifting b) danceable c) better than any dozen U2 singles for spiritual improvement. A wonderful single.

Albums

#1) *Darklands* and *Pleased to Meet Me*, in a tie. One is mellow, unfailingly melodic existentialist pop, the other alternates between aggressive and laid-back, with great lyrics and properly cranked guitars. For sheer rock and roll energy, it's hard to beat the Replacements: suffice it to say that they're what would happen if you put Chuck Berry, the Rolling Stones, New York Street Dolls and the Ramones in a blender. Awesome. The Jesus & Mary Chain, on the other hand, are considerably quieter and more ineluctable. They produce music to sink into, to wallow in (and, not incidentally, to die to, if you're so inclined). With guitars washing in like the tide, and the bass and drums surging, this is a sonic treat. The lyric sheets make great reading, too.

#3) *Hot Animal Machine* - Henry Rollins. Not for those with weak hearts. Rollins snarls his way thru an album's worth of loud, evil compositions, including a cover of Suicide's "Ghost Rider". Lyrically, it's reminiscent of *Damaged*-era Black Flag with more sophistication. Musically, it's just plain twisted. Best line: "I won't take/ I won't break."

#4) *Nobody Likes* - The Dik Van Dykes. Wow. This band (from Hamilton) celebrate immaturity and lackness in all its pimped glory. Sounding like Pee Wee Herman fronting punk band, their songs deal with curling, pterodactyls, and not wanting to go to Disneyland ("Don't take me Mom, or Mickey will be dead!"). Lord - catchy and funny, what more do you want?

#5) *Warehouse* - Husker Du. By now, you either love them, or dismiss them as pseudo-intellectual crap, so there's really not much point in saying more. Still, I have to. This album takes you on a fuzz guitar ride through a landscape of doubt, hope and energy. If they'd condensed it to a single album it would have been #1.

#6) *In the Dark* - Grateful Dead. We'll get by - we will survive.

#7) *Whatever* - Dogbubs. Another great Canadian band. The Husker Du comparisons are inevitable, but these cats are louder

and faster than Du have been oo vinyl for awhile. They're not as good as the Duster yet, but still they kick ass powerfully and melodically. Their next album should be utterly brilliant, and this one ain't bad either.

#8) *Neurotica* - Redd Kross. Half send-up of the flower power era and half hard rock. Redd Kross is one of the most fun bands to listen to around. They idolize junk culture (the Partridge Family are apparently big influences), are all young and have the worst fashion sense since Hanoi Rocks were mugged by Ratt. Oh yeah, they've got some great tunes.

#9) *Appetite for Destruction* - Guns n' Roses. Really grungy, offensive metal that still has enough energy and melody beneath the posing to grab my attention. The songs are surprisingly well-written and the excitement level never drops. Last year's best metal album.

#10) *Halfway To Sanity* - Ramones and *VI* - Circle Jerks in a tie. Both of these bands are fairly old as punk bands go (9 years for the Jerks, 14 for the Ramones) and both have been showing their age recently. The Ramones haven't been brilliant over a full album since 1981's *Pleasant Dreams*, while the Circle Jerk's vinyl output has gone downhill since *Group Sex*, their first album.

Halfway to Sanity, sadly, is nothing special. It's good and some tracks are great, but overall it's just another Ramones album. Fun, powerful, but nothing that will change the world. *VI*, on the other hand, is a great step forward for the Jerks. Keith Morris is growling wonderfully, and the songs are all midtempo loud punk anthems. The Jerks seem to be pulling out of a slump, while the Ramones are moving into one, and the two bands are meeting in the middle.

Well that's it. Ten years after the Summer of Hate, and twenty after the Summer of Love, rock is still going - obnoxious, confused, but with occasional flashes of brilliance. Let's hope 1988 is as good or better.

P.S. I deliberately haven't included *The Joshua Tree* or *Tunnel of Love* in this list. Know why? 'Cause they're boring, flaccid, pseudo-meaningful pseudo-rock. That's why.

P.P.S. Oh, yeah, I probably would have put Tom Waits' new album up there if Rick had lent it to me. But he didn't. Oh well, U2 still sucks though.

Discussion

Nothing Like The Sun
Sting
A&M Records

Much has already been said about Sting's ability to write undeniably catchy tunes while keeping an air of respectability about his music. He deliberately writes songs that allow him to have his cake and eat it too (i.e. claim that he is a serious musician while at the same time receiving massive radio airplay). His new album is more of the same.

The reason I chose to review it, however, was that not since the days of ABBA have I seen such a deliberate attempt to target a specific consumer group. During the holidays I decided that while paying \$12.00 for Sting's cassette was totally out of the question, paying 7500 pesos (approx. \$3.75) might not be such a waste to satisfy my curiosity. To my surprise, it seems that yes: Sting sings in Spanish! That Sting doesn't actually speak Spanish seems to be totally irrelevant.

Lula Aguilis

There are two Spanish translations on the Mexican version of the album (which is apparently also marketed in Hispanic markets across the U.S.) for the songs "We'll Be Together" and "Fragile". The translations have the same arrangements as the English versions, just lyrics translated by a certain Roberto Livi. Sting, however, runs into the same problems ABBA used to when singing in foreign languages: he can't pronounce the words properly.

As a result, the song "Fragile" comes off not as the sensitive song it is but as a reminder of Monty Python's skit about the Hungarian with the bogus English phrase-book. I should think that Sting is making enough money without having to use such an obvious marketing ploy.

Savage
Eurythmics
RCA Records

The Eurythmics are back with an album that more makes up for their disappointing last album (*Revenge*). Full of energy, this album takes Dave Stewart and Annie Lennox back to the originality of *Sweet Dreams* (are made of this).

The current single "I Need A Man", is a raw statement from a woman who has had just a little too much of what "Suburbia" has to offer. The song "Beethoven (I Love To Listen To)" is a driving dance track that uses some of the same type of humour and imagery as Delacosta's famous *Diva*. "Shame" even comes close to the hypnotic effect that their earlier song "Who's That Girl" achieved. Yet, even the songwriting is overshadowed by Lennox's ever-powerful voice. Lennox is one of the few pop singers today that can deliver both the strength of "I Need A Man" and

the sensitivity of "Savage" and "Put The Blame On Me".

Overall, this album is highly recommended and should be a

worthy addition to most any record collection.

Lula Aguilis

COMMERCE/ECONOMICS TUTOR

Mr. Scott Bridges, a graduate student in the Faculty of Management, has been appointed to the position of College Tutor in Commerce and Economics. Beginning Feb 1st, his hours will be:

Monday	-	11:00	-	2:00
Tuesday	-	3:30	-	5:00
Wednesday	-			
Thursday	-	3:30	-	5:00
Friday	-	9:00	-	11:00

In Room 307, Innis College

Innis students who are encountering difficulties in the introductory Commerce and Economics courses are urged to consult with Scott. He is also prepared to discuss alternative routes to careers in business.

ARTS

The Last Emperor: A Scottish Retrospective

The Last Emperor:
Original Motion Picture
Soundtrack
Ryuichi Sakamoto, David
Byrne and Cong Su
Virgin Records VLA 2485

Close your eyes while listening to the soundtrack of *The Last Emperor* and it's difficult not to imagine the film being shown simultaneously. The epic scope of Bertolucci's film about a king trapped in a life of grandeur is matched by the score's soaring brilliance and weeping violin.

Rather than listing the 18 tracks in their order of appearance, Compiler Hans F. Zimmer has given each composer a side. Side A is all Sakamoto, strutting his digital stuff across what amounts to nine versions of the same tune (in fact there are three variations on the theme alone). This should not be construed as a knock on his music; his contributions are embracing as well as being monotonously repetitive - the mark of well crafted New-Age music.

Sakamoto's side doesn't attempt to be much more than effective background music, and to that end it succeeds quite well.

Side B is a great deal more problematic. Talking Head David Byrne is a good distance from "Psycho Killer" on his tracks - which shouldn't surprise too many people familiar with his minimalist score to *The Catherine Wheel* - and the listener really gets the impression of him stretching. Of particular note is "Main Title Theme", crudely put, this song - in a good pair of headphones - will blow your mind. "Bed" with its spooky fwootwork, bells and hisses of steam shooting from headphones to headphones across the back of your head, can't help but send shivers up your back.

Byrne shares his side with composer Cong Su who gives new meaning to the phrase "sparse arrangement". Consisting of tremendous lengths of silence broken by the erratic pluck of a string or percussive tap, "Lunch" is simply not very nourishing.

The final three tracks are traditional pieces. "Red Guard" has a definite air of the Scottish highlands; not being familiar with any other version, I'll have to assume that Emperor Pu Yi had a lot more in common with Bonnie Prince Charlie than I thought. The final and most bizarre cut is "The Red Guard Dance". Remembering the close of the film, this is the music accompanying the Communist party production number (no kidding); however, on record it sounds like twelve-year old girls singing along to bagpipes (there go those nutty Scots again) while slapping wet bags of flour.

Overall the album is a winner, the monotony of Sakamoto's music is outweighed by its crude sort of elegance. Byrne, reaching for more, does not always get what he's after, but one of his failed experiments is still nothing less than interesting. So go ahead, slip this tape into your Walkman™ put on your earphones and close your eyes.

Andrew Epstein

Jazz Apocalypse with Chicken Wire

So, you're feeling really depressed and all the Smiths' music does is cheer you up. Well, how about this: The Jeanette and Reg Schwager Quartet, who played at Sneaky Dee's on Monday Jazz fest on January 11th.

Their music can best be described as psychotic, apocalyptic, narrative jazz. Each of their 45 minute sets consisted of one story-poem, whose words were sung, chanted and vocalized by Jeanette Schwager, who was wearing a shirt that read 'Black Fungus'. Jeanette delivered the music in a curiously dispassionate manner. She sometimes crouched, sat or lifted her legs flamingo style in time to the music, but never really seemed to 'get into it'. This, however, seemed to suit the lyrics, which dealt with the dissolution of relationships, society, reality, etc. Particular phrases from the lyrics which stick to the surface of my brain like

demonic velcro™ include: "I am not responsible", "desertion inertia", "razor sharp chicken wire", and many more. Jeanette's voice itself is pretty damn good, with a very large range and a primal power that sometimes approaches that of Sinéad O'Connor or Nina Hagen. Her voice, however, by virtue of her detachment, became another instrument in the quartet. The other instruments were keyboard, played by Reg Schwager, electric guitar, percussion, and in the second set, electric bass. The group as a whole seemed to work with a polyphonic layering of sounds that phased in and out of rhythmic unison throughout. It was very atmospheric and, in fact, it might be said that this group has a programmatic agenda, portraying interior and exterior landscapes with music: clocks ticking, wheels turning and windows rattling, protagonists going crazy, despairing, contemplating death, etc.

All musicians were quite capable, especially the guitarist and the keyboard player, who indulged in near harmonic tricks and new sounds on their instruments. The only problem with the group seemed to be the drummer, who got a bit overenthusiastic when he was flaying his set of soup (and other) cans with a string of chimes and knocked a top heavy truck-hubcap cymbal on to the guitarist (three times). Furthermore, the drummer and Reg at the keyboard were constantly at odds as to where the music should go. This duel culminated at the end of the last set, when the drummer kept on going after everybody had cut, and it took a few minutes and a persistent stare from Reg before he realized he was the only one who was playing and stopped.

David Morris

It's almost too bad that the Forgotten Rebels are still giggling. If they weren't, I could safely say that the Problem Children are the best punk band in Canada - or even the best band, period. Yes they are that good. They write good anthems, they play everything from rock to punk to reggae, and they're very hot live.

The incident that instigated the writing of this article was the release of the Problem Children's new E.P. It's a 7 inch 33 rpm with five songs, three of which - "On the Air", "Staying Young" and "Energy" - are instant classics. The other two - "One Thru 24" and "Dumville" (the former a step by step description of how one gets about drinking a 2-4 of beer, the latter about their home town) - also rock, but it's the former three that really get me going.

"Energy" is a perfect title for a rippling song that laments the loss of spirit in rock'n'roll. As they sing, "Whatever happened to rock'n'roll? I never hear it anymore... Have you forgotten what it's like to be young? Can you honestly tell me that you're having fun? Or, more succinctly put, 'Energy is my high!'

"On the Air" is their rejection of commercialism and compromise: "You said our record would be #1, a guaranteed hit; well you can keep the money, we've been broke so long we wouldn't know what to do with it... Radio is dead! We'll play live instead." It comes complete with a break that leaves Jamie Problem alone with his acoustic guitar, singing about the woes of rock'n'roll. "One more before we start our set! This is as good as it ever gets."

Finally, there's "Staying Young", perhaps the best song they've ever recorded. The title sums up their aim in life. They're trying not to lose the energy and idealism and yes, fun that characterizes youth. They're refusing to grow up and join the adult world, a process they see as selling out. Whether you agree with that or not, the song is powerful enough to make you believe it's possible while the song is playing.

Youth is a recurring theme in the Problem Children's songs. On their

Mother will kill me!



Or as they sing in the last song on the album, "We Are the Children": "Problem children will not accept The present world situation Problem children will not accept Your lies and deceiving information We are the children, with the problems of the world Rest assured, we will be heard We are the children, will we ever hear the truth? We've still got a chance, three cheers for youth!"

Mixing idealism with powerful music and considerable musical virtuosity, the Problem Children are more than just a punk band, and yet still retain punk's drive, energy and honesty. In a perfect world, Corey Hart would have been strangled at birth and the Problem Children would be famous. As it is, though, you can at least see them for under five dollars and without the usual rock star hassles. If you only see one band this year, let it be the Problem Children.

SPORTS

The Death of the American Mind

Alex Russell

Two large men in bathing suits (they're also wearing large, black boots) are pretending to beat each other up. In his fury, one of the men slugs the referee, knocking him to the canvas. An announcer informs me that this is a particularly brutal act on the part of the large gentleman and that he's never seen the like of it in all of his days. The crowd cheers.

I change the channel. The date is Sunday, January 31, 1988. I'm just in time to catch the opening ceremonies of the N.F.L.'s Super Bowl. An announcer informs me that this is quite a spectacular event, I feel quite fortunate. There are a lot of balloons. The crowd cheers.

I search the picture on my television screen: having a previous knowledge of the meaning of the initials, N.F.L., I search the field hoping to catch a glimpse of - perhaps - a football player.

My excited gaze is suddenly caught by a commotion at one end of the stadium. A man appears. He is not in football equipment. No, he is definitely not a football player. But wait... could it be?... yes, yes, it's Bob Hope!

Suddenly the spectacular band breaks out in a spectacular noise. "Bob Hope, Bob Hope", the singers sing. "You're just great", they sing.

"Hurray", I shout, "Hurray for old Bob Hope!"

"Isn't this spectacular?", urges the announcer. The crowd cheers.

But suddenly I wonder. I wonder where the football players are; I wonder why there are so many balloons on the football field; I wonder why Bob Hope is on the football field. Especially, I wonder why the crowd is cheering: weren't they expecting a football game?

I change the channel.

The man in the black bathing suit is climbing up the ropes that surround the ring. He does an ungainly swan-dive, landing beside his prostrate opponent. The other man spasms and indicates that now he's really in pain. The crowd, naturally, cheers.

"Are they cheering the man's acting?", I wonder. No, I realize: no one could cheer for acting that bad. "Perhaps", I think.

My thoughts are cut off by the announcer: "And what a spectacular

Slam by the Raving Lunatic."

That word again Spectacular. It certainly is Spectacular, I admit to myself. That Raving Lunatic is certainly fucking spectacular. So's the Bob Hope Song. Gosh, come to think of it, the balloons are pretty spectacular too. All of it is Spectacular: big, loud and spectacular.

And then it dawns on me: it really doesn't matter if it's real. At least, it doesn't matter to the cheering crowds. They aren't looking for reality. In fact they're looking for just the opposite. They want to escape from reality. And the bigger it is, the more total the escape.

The fat guys are acting but at least they're really big and it looks like they're in *all* or *of* pain. In normal wrestling you might get normal sized guys who don't even hurt each other. Without the show it'd be just another football game. It's Quality not Quality.

The football game turned out to be a real bore. I think the crowd liked the Bob Hope song the best. Either that or the Balloons.

Hockey and the Whalers

Erik Lee

Ever since 1786 John Molson has been brewing fast and exciting beer. Ever since 1976, Innis college has been putting out smooth hockey teams. There is no doubt however, that this year's edition of "Harold Innis and the Whalers" is the smoothest version of ice-dancers yet to grace Varsity Arena.

The team suffered a defeat to first place Erindale, but the officiating in said game was suspect. In fact, one of the referees has since had his whistle confiscated.

The Whalers have one or two games left in the season and, with a 5-3-2 record, look to be play-off bound. If the players can start to capitalize on their scoring chances, the team has a legitimate chance to go all the way to the Jennings Cup. Come on out and wail with the Whalers!!

Meanwhile, the Women's hockey team, after a slow start has put together a three-game winning streak (eat your heart out Mr. Ballard).

Their record now stands at four wins, and three losses.

The team beat St. Mikes, 4-1; St. Hilda's, 11-1; and had a default victory over Re-hab. Meds. Laura Nemchin, has provided stellar goaltending, keeping the games close until the offense started rolling. Andrea Lennox, who has been working diligently on her slap-shot, was the only one able to beat Laura in the 11-1 victory over St. Hilda. Andrea was traded to the opposition in the second period when many of the Trinity girls (down 6-0) decided they would rather be early for class than suffer further humiliation from the Innis women. Andrea wound up from the blue-line and her shot found its way through the screen of players in front of Laura. (Now if only we could get her to score for us.)

With the dedication of players, coaches and fans, the Innis women are in good shape for the up-coming play-offs. See you there!

SPORTS

Innis Wins (Won) Mulock Cup

The questions have all been answered and once again Innis' Crimson Tide Tackle Football team reigns supreme as Mulock Cup Champions of 1987. There were many who doubted the team's ability, even one Innis student who was willing to bet that Innis would lose to New College. With the opening kick-off such non-believers were quickly silenced as the standing-room-only crowd of 15,242 (give or take 15,100) saw a rededicated Innis/UC team throw caution to the wind in their quest for the cup.

The road to the championship was not an easy one. After posting four consecutive wins the team ended the regular season by losing to Trinity and then, with first place on the line, were humiliated by New College 14-0. Down but not out, the team began to get serious. The semi-final opponent was the team from Medicine, who provided more than a few anxiety-ridden moments for the Tide. With the game seemingly well in hand a fourth quarter punt fumbled by Innis was recovered for a TD by Medicine. A convert would tie the game at 7-7. Then, some said miraculously (personally I think it may be attributed to the team's clean lifestyle and high moral fibre), what appeared to be a good kick sliced suddenly and went wide. Destiny was beginning to smile. A clutch punt by Greg Sutton and some hard running by Mitch Chang and Mike Hugo took time off the clock that aided the Innis defense in halting a last-minute Medicine drive. Final score: Good Clean Living 7, Money-Grabbing Doctors 6.

The week preceding the championship laid to rest any questions about the team's desire and dedication. Players attended practise, despite even miserable weather. Not surprisingly, this new trend bode well for the final.

Instead of their usual slow start, Innis came out hard and fast. The

defense stopped New College cold on the first series and gave the ball to the Innis offense in New territory. A bomb from Greg Sutton and a great catch by Mike Parisotto on the first play picked up 45 yards and made it first and goal on the five-yard line. Two plays later and Mike Hugo, playing with a badly pulled hamstring, pounded in from a yard out. The convert was blocked and after only two minutes of play Innis led 6-0.

Mid-way through the second quarter New College broke their only long pass play of the day and tied the game a 6-6. Showing the maturity of a winning team, Innis came right back: Mitch Chang inspired the team with a 60-yard return of New College's kick-off. Two first downs later, a Dave Cowling field goal made the score 9-6.

With less than two minutes to go in the half the Innis defense took control again and set up the Tide offense with great field position. Another bomb to Mark Parisotto followed by a pass interference call in the end-zone gave Innis first down on the one-yard line. This time New College was equal to the challenge and halted Innis cold on three successive attempts. Halftime score: Innis/UC 9, New College 6.

Buoyed by their goal line stand, New College started the second half with momentum. If not for a TD-saving tackle on the second half kick-off by Mark Parisotto, New College might have turned the game around; as it was the Innis defense had to snuff out three deep drives in the third quarter. The Innis offense saw their running game completely shut down in the second half but they survived thanks to some smart passing by Greg Sutton and big receptions by Dan Schechner led to the most memorable series of the game. With first and goal from the eight-yard line Innis put their offense in reverse by taking four straight

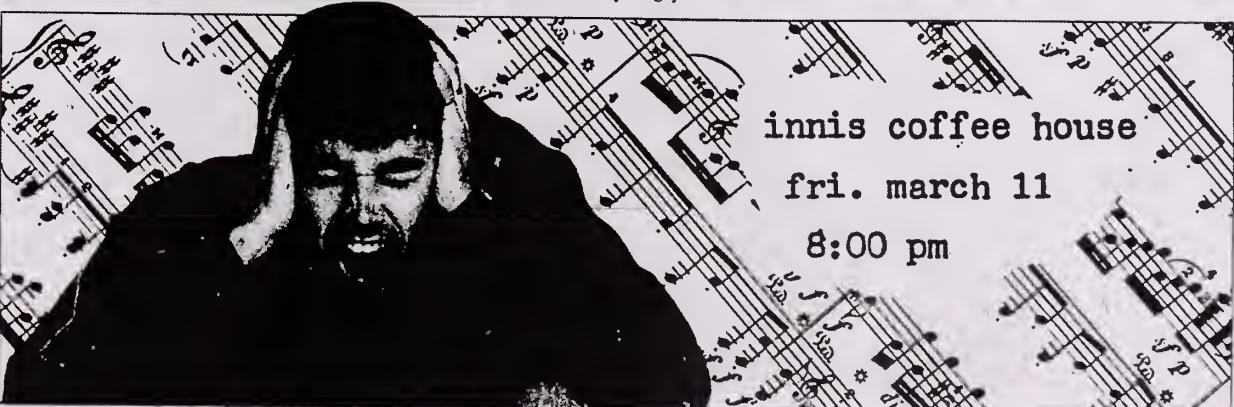


penalties that wiped out a TD and pushed the ball back to the 44 yard line. The game announcer with great relish -- and even some mustard -- relayed the information that it was still first and goal, with Innis on the 44-yard line. To resolve this embarrassing problem, Innis made use of a stratagem that had won a key play-off game three years before: Coach D.J. Martin called for a quick kick. A surprised New College team saw the score become 10-7. Forced to kick a field goal just to tie, New foundered on the Tide defense, the last play of the game seeing the New College quarterback swept under by a sea of Innis tacklers. For the second time in four years the Mulock Cup is ours.

The team wishes to thank those loyal fans who followed the team throughout the year: Anne, Andrea, Amy, Debbie, Cassie, Martha, Michelle, Sirje, and Vicki -- it really makes a difference. To the veteran players Darby Crewe, Tom Vaivada, Dan Schechner, Terry Sills, Mike Hugo, Richard Mareovitz and Richard Lautens, who were there when we won last time: the work and frustration of the last two years could not have had a better ending. To our newer veterans Jim, Mark, Greg, Rob, Andy, Paul and Mike: I hope this victory is as memorable for you as the first was for us. And to our great rookies Mitch, Dave, Mike and Mark: you guys have

impeccable timing. Thanks to D.J. Martin for his patience, expertise and coaching support. And a special debt of gratitude is owed by all of us to Simon Cotter, who in founding and nurturing the team over the years has made this all possible.

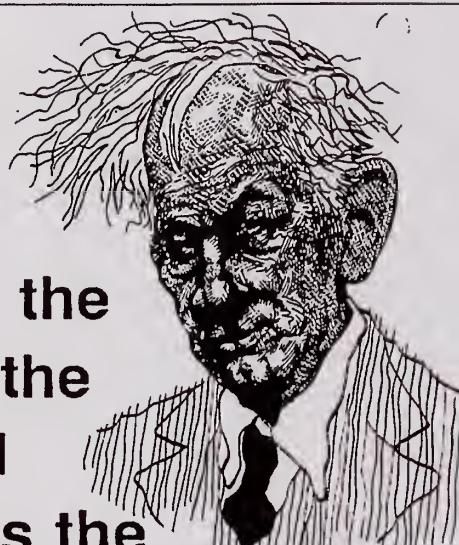
David Clegg



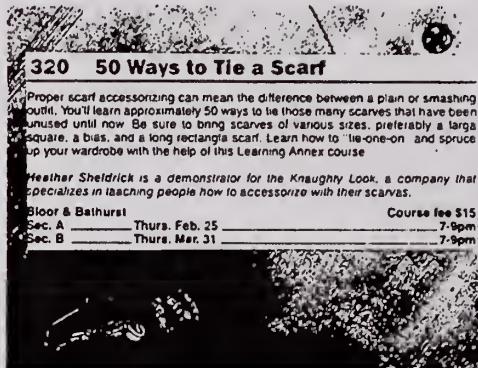
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